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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON HISTORY.

No species of reading is so pleasing to men in general as that of history. It is describing ourselves, and therefore is interesting. Man is pretty much the same in all ages, and is influenced by the same passions, however they may be disguised by a different education. Hence, from an acquaintance with history we learn to judge of the intentions of men in our own society, from the examples we find recorded of men in similar situations.

We are much influenced in our actions from the force of example, and we are naturally attached to exalted characters. Patriotism, heroism, and all the stronger virtues, fix our attention, and excite our endeavours to imitate them. Hence the study of history is important, as there is found collected the great of all ages in one view, while our personal observation can extend only to the circle of our acquaintance. In this, can be found very few eminent men, as a multitude of them is only the production of several ages. Where examples of those virtues which it is important to inculcate, are found in the greatest numbers, we must look for the means of impressing them on the present race of men. To bring these examples to view is as much as can be done; for if we are not led to imitate the virtuous by a knowledge of them, all other means to induce us to it are vain.

Of all other histories, that of our own country is most important to be known. The affection we bear to it, makes the examples of heroism and virtue much more effectual, than those found in any other history. We will not disgrace our ancestors, is the sentiment of every breast in a well organized society. To observe and avoid their errors, is sometimes, and should be always, a leading motive in conjunction with the former. To imitate the one, and avoid the other, they must be known, and can only be known by history.

In another view, history is important, as we can acquire a better knowledge of mankind than by any other means. Nations are influenced by the same passions as individuals, hence statesmen well acquainted with mankind, can long foresee, and frequently avoid a coming war. They have time to remove any cause of dissatisfaction, in time to prevent its effects. The causes which have produced the wars between their own nations and their neighbors, they

can avoid for the future, or can take advantage of any particular traits in the national character.

I have often thought that a good history of that portion of America the property of the United States, in which might be collected the history of each State, and of the Union, from the time of the settlement of the country to the end of the last century, was a very important object to be effected. At present it is impossible for a man, not possessed of means for travelling through the country, to acquire any thing like a perfect knowledge of its history. Of some States I believe there is no history in existence, and of others the history cannot be procured, without more trouble and expense than people are willing to bestow. A complete History of the United States, would very soon be dispersed over the whole country, and all would be able to procure it without difficulty.

There are many histories of the American Revolution; but no one that unites impartiality with talents and information; though, as it regards this quality, perhaps they do not fail so much as the historians of other countries. The object of writers of this class, has generally been to serve a party, or to raise the national pride. Hence they give a coloring to every event, which makes it almost impossible to know the truth. They give every virtue to their own countrymen, and frequently deny that foreigners have any. By this means, the true purposes of history are entirely perverted, and instead of characters from nature, we are presented with such as the author can form in his own imagination. Perfection and imperfection are given entirely to one character or the other, without that mixture which nature always makes of light and shade in the characters of men.

BARCA.

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

LOVE AND HUMILITY.

A ROMAN ROMANCE.

By I. D'Israeli.

It speaks the sufferings of a female slave,
Who long had brooded, silent as the grave,
O'er love, that rack'd her soul with ceaseless pain.

Oberon, Canto XI. *Stanza* 62.

The venerable and sublime Paulus Æmilus now returned from the final conquest of the Macedonian empire. Rome, in awful silence, awaited the decree of the senate for THE TRIUMPH.

The assembled spoils of naitons Æmilius had not profaned. The general had only permitted his sons to share among themselves the library of Perseus, the king of Macedon; and they preferred manuscripts to vases of gold. They now returned, neither solicitous nor ambitious of the triumph; they returned but to hasten to their paternal farm, whose smoke, wreathing in their natal air, was to them an object more cherished than the pomp of a triumph. There sixteen of this hero race subsisted, and the hands of consuls guided the plough. But the glare of splendour, and treasures hitherto unknown, corrupted the army; and the soldiers, in returning to Rome, murmured at the severe justice of Æmilius, who had only combated for his country, and with an affectionate pride yielded all his labours to the mater-

nal city. Conducted and enflamed by Servius Galba, they mutinied. They ranged the city ; they surrounded the capitol ; they menaced the tribunes ; they contemned the senate : they opposed the voice of the people. It seemed to the Romans, that their soldiers had returned not to rejoice in their victories, but themselves to take possession of Rome.

The voluble and sarcastic Galba calumniated the hoary general. It was then Marcus Servilius rose ; Servilius of consular dignity, whose arm had so often triumphed in single combat. He rose, and with the energetic truth of heroism, reminded the Roman people what Paulus Æmilius had performed for them during more than half the life of man. It is not fit, he proceeded, that lily-skinned men whose unbruised shields are worn only on festal days, and whose tongues are more dangerous than their swords, should dare to talk of generals and of triumphs before you. Oh, my friends ; that we had no orators but those whose eloquence were written where their hearts beat ! In saying this he flung open his robe, and displayed a breast scaled with scars : the martial exploits of Sevilius rushing into their minds, the soldiers bowed, while their shields, in touching each other, gave a solemn sound. Marcus had certain swellings in his body ; Galba pointed and derided.—Thou deridest me, said the white-haired consul, for what I hold as honorable for me as the wreath of laurel I claim for Æmilius. For you, fellow-citizens ! incessantly, by day and by night, I travelled and I fought ; and the pain I still receive from these is to me a sensation of glory. As for Æmilius, I know him well ; he will lament this triumph as an interruption of his return to his farm ; for it only delights him to tread the field of war, or the field of peace. But we Romans are to be just, even to those who exact not justice ; we are to seek the glory which in vain would conceal itself. Proceed, Galba ! collect thy votes ! I will follow thee, to note down the degenerate and the ingrate ; and may my last accent be that of reproach to the Roman who votes against the triumph of Æmilius : he ceased. The army shouted, Æmilius is godlike ; Servius Galba slunk away, and lost himself among the crowd, and all the tribes decreed the triumph of Æmilius.

And now the soldiers dispersing, mingled with the people : ancient friends had scarcely time to seek each other, and embrace, ere the sound of erecting scaffolds, to view the triumphant arch, echoed through the city. The triumph was decreed to last three days*.

At length the day arrived, and Rome assembled ere the sun had risen. The people, clad in white garments, hurrying along in masses, now rolling, now floating, looked like the tumult of a sea. The windows and the porches of houses were crowded ; some were seated on domes, some had climed on columns, and some were clinging to slender ballustrades ; another Rome seemed hanging in the air ! Every thing on which the eye could rest was adorned. Every citizen hung out from his windows carpets of purple and

* Of Roman triumphs the only detail we have is, I believe, left us by Livy, which Plutarch copied in his life of Paulus Æmilius. In the picture of this triumph I have combined the most striking incidents. Montesquieu, with his happy conciseness, says : "Romulus and his successors were engaged in perpetual wars with their neighbours : they returned to their city with their spoils, consisting of wheat sheaves and flocks ; this filled them with the greatest joy. Such is the *origin* of *triumphs !* to which that city afterwards chiefly owed its grandeur."

gold, and placed on his walls pictures of value. The streets were strewed with flower; the temples were fancifully embellished with boughs; the statue of every god was crowned with a garland! and all the air was sweet with the fuming incense from the altars. To the eye, almost deceived, it seemed as if a magic grove had risen in one night. An object, not less interesting than Rome thus ornamented, was the view of all its beauties, leaning on the balconies, scattering odoriferous flowers, and twining wreaths of laurel for the approaching victor.

And now the lictors marched with their axes and their rods, opening a passage. On the first day of the triumph two hundred and fifty cars were filled with the brilliant miracles of Grecian art; pictures, which as they passed, seemed like mirrors to reflect some existing scene of nature; and collossal statues, whose view gave a new conception of humanity, and, as they passed so finely were the passions chisseled, that they inspired *lovers*, who sighed at their beauty, or awed *votarists* with a religious trembling*. Soothing and delicious were the emotions of the Roman people on that day. On the second, vast was the crashing sound of the iron wheels of numerous wains, that contained the arms and the armour of the Macedonians; with artful negligence they had loosely heaped the martial instruments, and they rang loudly and glittered confusedly against each other. Helmets and targets, and javelins and shields, and cuirasses, and the points of naked swords, formed a shining terror, while the spectators even trembled at the view of the arms of the conquered. When all these had passed, their terrific sound remained. But they were soon delighted with innumerable vessels holding the coined silver, each supported by four men, oppressed by the massive weight. The procession closed with an exhibition artfully arranged of sculptured vases, inestimable for their beauty and even singular for their value. That day diffused not the pleasure of the former; they had viewed nothing but objects of terror and objects of wealth. It was on the third and last day, that the human passions were awakened by objects of humanity.

At first they started in terror. The trumpets and the clarions did not sound a flourish, as on a festal day, but blew such a charge as they were accustomed when they excited their soldiers to battle. It was instantly rumoured and imagined that the army had again mutinied, and Rome, as if she had felt herself in desolation, quaked and quailed to her heart. But soon the modest and well regulated steps of the martial musicians turned consternation into confidence, and a breathless tranquility. It was now the Romans securely indulged their eye and their heart.

[*To be continued.*]

* This must be understood literally: both in the past and in the present age there have been men who were LOVERS of statues. Coyer, in his Voyage d'Italie,, exclaims with equal vivacity and truth: "Certainement c'est une Providence que les FEMMES de la NATURE, ne valent pas celle de l'ART."

ANECDOTE.—A fellow who had been committed to prison about twelve at night, on a charge of buglary, apologized to the gaoler for *breaking in* on his rest at so late an hour.

DETACHED EXTRACTS.

Dr. Johnson has very happily said, "All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of human perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick axe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design or last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion. Yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes—acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks."

SENSIBILITY.—Sensibility is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible: when it pervades us, we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisical days, when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction.

It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this, which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature; or hear of a good action. The same effects we experience in the Spring, when we hail the returning sun and the consequent renovation of nature; when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness; the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

Sensibility is indeed the foundation of all happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishment of nature escapes his notice; as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt, it escapes discussion. *Woolstoncraft.*

Power of Inward Feelings.—'Tis strange, yet true, that according to our feelings, we behold external objects by a kind of wonderful sympathy: it seems as if inanimate nature participated in our joys and griefs; when we are pleased, we think, as Milton says, that the earth gives signs of gratulation.—But when black melancholy sits within our souls,

"She round us throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods."

READING AND INFORMATION.—"Get wisdom, get understanding," is an injunction, which, although acknowledged to be salutary and important, is erroneously considered as laid chiefly on the sons of men. But placed in a just light, the sex, quality, age, and every thing temporary and mutable is seen abstracted from knowledge, and nothing but genuine and correct intelligence claims attention. The *quo modo* is lost in the *re ipsa*; and the adventitious circumstances of birth, language, rank, dress, features, and form, fade before the steady, penetrating lustre of exercised and polished intellect. This consideration should embolden humble minds, and stimulate the unlettered and unprivileged (falsely so called) to assert their right to improvement and enterprize. The Fair of our country should observe, that the cultivated and well regulated mind, carries influence proportionate to its

specific worth, let it inhabit whatever form, or shine in whatever sphere it may. Surely they will allow it to be consistent with their characters, to devote much of their leisure to reading and réflection, if they recollect what Cowper, the most amiable and sincere, perhaps, of all authors, has said to recommend it. In a letter to a female friend, who had complained that she could read nothing but English, he observed :—"If a person read, it is no matter in *what language* ; and if the *mind* be *informed*, it is no matter whether *that* mind belongs to a *man* or a *woman*." *Troy Gaz.*

EXTREMES MEET.—*Extreme* old age is childhood—*extreme* wisdom is ignorance ; for so it may be called, since the man whom the oracle pronounced the wisest of men, [Socrates] professed that he knew nothing. Push a coward to the *extreme*, and he will shew courage ; oppress a man to the last, and he will rise above oppression.

No people are more susceptible of refined emotions than Sailors, though they express them in a rough manner : it is as the sun beams playing through the storm. How much it is to be regretted, that the generosity of their nature so often makes them the dupes of the basest swindlers.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM SOUTHEY'S THALABA.

The many-coloured domes
Yet wore one dusky hue,
The Cranes upon the Mosque
Kept their night-clatter still,
When through the gate the eary Traveller past.
And when at evening, o'er the swampy plain
The Bittern's Boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer
Looked down on swarming myriads ; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates conquered tide,
And through her brazen portals when she poured
Her armies forth, the distant nations looked
As men who watched the thunder-cloud in fear
Lest it should burst upon them. She was fallen,
The Queen of Cities, Babylon was fallen !
Low lay her bulwarks ; the black scorpion basked
In the palace courts ; within her sanctuary
The She Wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Had been the ærial Gardens, height on height
Rising like Medias mountains crowned with wood,
Work of imperial dotage ? where the fame
Of Belus ? where the Golden Image now,
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
The Assyrian slaves adored ?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
Spreads o'er the blasted plain :
The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls ; the Shepherd eyes afar
Her evil Towers, and devious drives his flock.
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
Euphrates rolls along,
Eternal Nature's work.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE KISS.

BY COLERIDGE.

One kiss dear maid ! I said and sigh'd ;
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?
Yon viewless wand'rer of the vale,
The spirit of the western gale,
At morning's break, at evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjur,d bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling ;
And he the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the roses hue.
Bashful, lo ! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red !
Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the op'ning rose :
O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well pleas'd I hear the whisper'd No !
The whisper'd No—how little meant !
Sweet falshood, that endears consent !
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of joy.

ODE TO THE CRICKET.

BY DAVIS.

Little guest with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come prolong thy blithsome note,
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale ;
Or rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast ;
Does some flame employ thy care ?
Perhaps with love thou art opprest,
A mournful victim to despair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care ;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

What avails the power of beauty,
Though unnumber'd hearts it gain,
If the passions, scorning duty,
Rise, rebel, subdue, and reign !

THAIS, though by slaves surrounded,
Feels her every shaft restor'd ;
Daily wounding, daily wounded,
Lives tormented, while ador'd.

How much nobler, how much wiser,
Fair and virtuous MARY's end ;
Heedless who for beauty prize her,
All her cares her MIND attend.

She o'er other hearts victorious,
Aims not there to fix her throne ;
But a triumph far more glorious !
To subdue and rule HER OWN.

LOVE AND LUST.

BY SELECK OSBORNE.

LUST, like a rav'nous tiger, springs
With savage gust, upon its prey,
And on the lovely object brings
The marks of ruin and decay.

LOVE, like the bee, with gentle power,
Extracts the honey of delight
Sips every sweet, nor wounds the flower
On which his tender pinions light.

LUST, like a furnace, breathing fire,
Embraces only to destroy,
And, in the ardor of desire,
Blasts every comfort, every joy.

LOVE, like the genial sun in May,
Emits its kind refreshing beams,
Drives each intruding care away,
And o'er life's varied landscape gleams.

LUST, like a mighty deluge, pours
Dismay and terror where it flows ;
Poor victims shudder while it roars,
And wake to horror from repose.

LOVE, like the gently winding rill,
Glides peaceful o'er the verdent green,
Where every boist'rous care is still,
And all is tranquil, all serene.

What is an *epigram ?* a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

MISERY.

Misery is the lot of man; there is nothing so prosperous and pleasant, but it has some bitterness mixed with it. As the rose tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair, and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas.* "The heart," says Solomon, "even in the midst of laughter, is sorrowful; and the end of mirth is heaviness." Even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, there is grief and discontent.

——— For still some bitter thought destroys
Our fancied mirth and poisons all our joys.

ANECDOTES.

Henry the fourth of France, being informed that an edict which he had issued for the prohibition of luxury, was not enforced, published an explanatory proclamation, which ran thus,—"Our order, in prohibiting articles of luxury, and particularly the use of lace and embroidery, only extends to the honest part of the community; for as neither rogues nor women of bad character are worthy our notice, they have our free permission either to obey or neglect our edict, as they choose."—This had the desired effect, every taylor and mantua-maker in Paris being immediately set to work, to make such dresses as the edict ordered to be worn.

The justly famous Jonas Hanway, who was remarkable for his *spare* and *meagre* habit, meeting a drunken man, who seemed inclined to take up the whole of the way, made a full stop, saying, "My friend, I think you have drank a little *too much.*" "And I," says the drunken man, "think you have eat a little *too little.*"

A Painter being employed to represent some cherubims and seraphims, in a country church, made them with very melancholy faces; and being asked his reasons for so doing, by the rector of the parish, he answered—"I have your own words for the propriety of it; have I not heard you say, a thousand times over, that *cherubims and seraphims continually do* CRY?"

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. John Sinclair, to Miss Mary Needham.

DEATHS.

In Ipswich, Rev. Levi Frisbie, aged 55. In Barbadoes, Mr. Nathaniel C. Lee, merchant, of Boston, son of Mr. Joseph Lee, of Beverly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Æsop's" fourth Fable is not sufficiently poetical to warrant its insertion.

We must decline granting the request of "Æsop, jun."—Decency is an indispensable requisite in compositions for the Visitant.

We should be happy to hear again from "Alexis." We hope he has not "hung his harp upon the willows."

"A Friend to the Visitant," will please to accept our thanks. She will observe that her packet is exhausted.

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